

heartbeat

loveism

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Summary:

"Always happy to see ya, Eds," Richie says.

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Author's Note:

title is from uhhh heartbeat by wham which u should totally give it a listen because everytime i think about it i think about these two

Eddie sneaks into the kitchen and calls Richie around eleven.

His skin is still rubbed raw from his shower, his eyes rimmed red; he feels exposed standing there in his kitchen, shafts of moonlight flickering over his cast as he waits for Richie to pick up on the other end. The refrigerator hums, the clock ticks, it's a Saturday and Eddie feels on the verge of another panic attack.

"Hmph," The line clicks, buzzes for a split second. Eddie feels his chest loosen as he hears the familiar voice on the other end, strained from sleep. "Hello?"

"Richie?" Eddie says, and it comes out small. He hears shifting from the other boy's line, watches as silvery strands of moonlight stutter a line across the kitchen table.

"Eds? What's up,"

"Can you come over?"

The words are out of Eddie's mouth before he can think, and he clenches his jaw as silence blankets around his shoulders. He hears more shifting, Richie's breathing.

"Miss me that bad, Eddie spaghetti?" Richie's voice turns staticky for a split second and Eddie sighs.

"God, you're really the fucking worst," There's a smile though, tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Forget about it. I'll see you tomorrow, Rich."

He hangs up the phone before he hears Richie's reply, shivers as he walks back to his room. The air stews outside of his window, summer

humidity swathing the town. Eddie pulls the blankets up to his chin and watches as the streetlamps flicker outside.

He tries not to let his mind linger on sharp teeth and damp air, flashes of red and the sharp crack of bone.

Every shift sets him on edge, makes his skin crawl. The shadows make his chest constrict and make him long for the sharp pull of his inhaler, anything to loosen the tightness behind his ribs. He wants nothing more than to sink into his bed and forget all of the events of the afternoon.

Eddie's stomach sinks when he hears the sharp *click* of his window, and he scrambles in the blankets until he's free of them, watching the shadow as it pulls itself in through to his bedroom. Fear pulls itself taut in his gut.

"What the fuck, man. It's so hot outside,"

Richie tumbles in through the window, his body colliding with the carpet with a dull thud. He rolls over until he can pull himself up on Eddie's bed, glasses glinting from the light outside.

Eddie swallows gulps of air, trying to calm himself down as Richie rubs his eyes; they're swollen and red, and it hits Eddie like a punch to the gut. His curls are ignited by the streetlamps outside, ruffled slightly by the breeze from the open window.

"I can't sleep," Eddie huffs, gathering up his blankets again, shuffling further back onto the bed. Richie has gotten up from his position at Eddie's feet, making a circle around his room. Eddie sees the tiredness in his eyes, dark bags underneath his lashes that haven't been there before.

"Wait," Richie turns around, lopsided grin plastered on his face. Eddie raises an eyebrow, blinks at him in the silver moonlight. "How'd you get all that gunk out of your cast?"

Richie jumps back onto the bed, making Eddie shift. He scowls at him, and Richie tilts his head at him.

"I took so many showers," A hand, running down his face. He's so

tired. Richie hums, crawls over further. He plops down beside Eddie's thigh on his stomach, crossing his arms and resting his head on them.

"Fuckin' disgusting," he says. His voice is muffled. The air hums and Eddie doesn't feel so afraid anymore, and he lets the humidity of the summer travel up his arms.

"I couldn't sleep either," Richie speaks up a few moments later, shifting again. Eddie can feel the heat radiating from his body in waves.

He looks over at the boy's silhouetted body, watches as moonlight drips from the walls and covers them both in shadows. His fingers itch with the need to do something, stomach buckling and everything hits him all at once like a car crash.

His eyes start welling up again, and he reaches a hand up and scrubs with the heels of his palms. He tries to keep his breathing under control, clutching his stomach.

"Eddie?" Richie's voice, swimming through the heavy fog. Concerned and constant. "Eds?"

Small hands grip his shoulders and Eddie can't see a thing, hot tears drip down his chin onto his shirt and Richie—god, *Richie*. His eyebrows are furrowed, Eddie knows. He doesn't look worried about anything often, but Eddie has seen him look at Bill with the same look before—

"We fought a *fucking* clown," Eddie gasps out, scrubbing at his eyes again. It's so hard to breathe. "We could have died."

Richie shifts. Their knees are touching now, and when he speaks up his voice slices the night in half.

"We're still here, y'know. That's pretty fucking cool, right?" There's a laugh in there somewhere, and Eddie nods, shrugs. His head feels like it's filled with cotton.

"It's not fair," Eddie says. He can see Richie's face now, furrowed eyebrows and all. His glasses have always been too big for his face. Eddie finds familiarity in the soft cotton of his pajama pants,

familiarity in late nights and flashlights. He knows Richie, has known him, will know him.

"Tell that to the clown," Richie says, and Eddie glares at him. Richie cracks him a sort of half-smile, soft and hesitant in the moonlight. It's so unlike Richie that Eddie doesn't know what to say. "Here," He shifts for the millionth time, getting up off of the bed and throwing back the blankets. He climbs back in beside Eddie, taking off his glasses and throwing them on the nightstand.

Eddie stares at him. Richie raises an eyebrow.

"Don't look at me like that," he says, "people do it all the time. Supposed to be comforting, or whatever. Just come on." He mumbles the last part, and Eddie sighs. He shifts down on the bed until he's lying on his side, facing the wall. Richie hesitates.

"Yeah, sitting here in uncomfortable silence with you is always comforting," Eddie says, but his voice goes quiet once he feels skinny arms snake around his stomach.

"You good? Done yapping so I can go to sleep?"

Eddie furrows his eyebrows, jerks backward in surprise at the irony. "You're one to fucking talk, trashmouth."

Richie yawns, leans forward and rubs his face into Eddie's neck sleepily. Eddie makes a soft noise, swallowing down the surprise that threatens to rise from his throat. Richie keeps his face there, presses his smile into the sleep warm skin.

"Thank you for coming over, Rich,"

Eddie's voice, quiet in the midnight air. Richie hums. Warmth blooms in Eddie's chest as he feels his breathing slow down behind him, his hand splayed across Eddie's stomach. It's different and not something that they've done before, but it feels—it feels right. Eddie slots their knees together, lets his head fall back into the crook of the other boy's neck.

"Always happy to see ya, Eds," Richie says.

"Don't call me that," Eddie lets his yawn drown out his words. He knows Richie has fallen asleep and he closes his eyes, lets the warmth envelope him, lets the small hand on his stomach comfort him.

He lets Richie hold him and eventually the shadows on the wall don't spell out fear.

Author's Note:

yea ! i love these soft kiddos